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At Home
WITH THE HAKKAS
in South China

When I was 14
An open letter

Mountain View, California.

Dear Boys and Girls:

It seems just like day before yesterday, in a way, when I was fourteen. I used to get 100, 90, and even 75 at times, in history, spelling, English, and geography.

Of course I would have got more 100's in the three last-named subjects if I had had such books as "Hurue," "Up and Down the Andes," "At Home with the Hakkas in South China," and the other fine, helpful travel books like these, that the publishers are preparing for you.

My, I wish I were fourteen again! I surely would start a little library of these 25-cent booklets, and add to them every three months, as each new one appears.

A man who knows all about this Wide World Series of books told me that manuscripts from Malaysia, Burma, Palestine, Borneo, and the Punjab, wherever that is, are already in hand. Whew! imagine what a fine collection they will make, in their uniform size, three-color covers, illustrated insides, and best of all, the absolutely true stories from our missionary friends.

Get them, read them, observe the correct English, and the spelling too, and of course fix the places in mind; and see if you don't get more 100's on your report cards in the future.

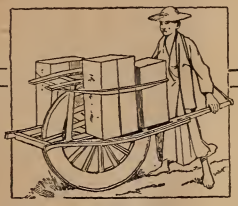
Yes, I wish I were fourteen again! Good-by.

Your friend,

U. Readmore

P. S. These books are 30 cents in Canada.

AT HOME WITH
THE HAKKAS
IN SOUTH CHINA



By Sherman A. Nagel

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MRS. NAGEL, WITH STUDENTS OF THE GIRLS' SCHOOL, WAICHOW

A Foreword

Mrs. Nagel and I were asked to go to China in 1909. We have given twelve of the best years of our life in service to the Chinese people. A few minutes ago I finished my birthday dinner. I still feel and, some say, I act like a boy, though I am thirty-four. My own children — Florence, aged ten, and Sherman, aged six — with Elder J. P. Anderson's two little girls, Helen and Hazel, have just given me the usual birthday whipping.

When I was home on furlough five years ago, I visited numerous churches in the Western States, and spoke on China from Spokane to San Diego. By invitation, I talked also to many boys and girls in both public and church schools. When I began these lectures, I was at a loss to know what people wished to learn about this great Eastern country; so I followed the plan of permitting all who wished to do so to ask all the questions they could think of. I answered all I was able; and in this way, I soon found out what boys and girls wished to learn about China.

In the following chapters, I shall try again to answer some of your questions. Let me tell you one I was seldom able to answer. Many would ask me, "Did you see my sister Mary in China?" or, "Did you meet my uncle over there?" Remember that China is a big country — as large as the United States; and I have traveled over only a small part of it. What I shall tell you concerns chiefly South China.

You have heard, perhaps, of the high-school girl who, on her graduation day, said to her father, "Papa, there is only one thing I cannot understand; and that is, I do not know how my little head can hold so much knowledge." After one has gone on and studied a few years longer, one finds there is a great deal yet to learn. So it is in China. When I had been four years over here, I thought I knew all about China,— its language, people, history, *et cetera.* When I had spent four years more, I began to think there was a little I did not know; and now, after four more years, I feel that there is really little I do know. I am doubtful if the Westerner ever comes really to understand the Easterner.

However, I have tried to tell you what you may expect to see and experience when you come out to labor in South China. I have no doubt but many of you, as soon as you have sufficient preparation, will come over and help us. It is most encouraging to see growing among our youth such an interest in our mission work.

And this is as it should be. The same love that dwelt in the great heart of Jesus for lost men and women dwells in the heart of each of His true followers. God had only one Son; but He made Him a preacher, and sent Him as a missionary to a foreign land. There is a great difference between God's light and heathen darkness. There is a great difference between America and China. But the difference is not so great as that between the place Jesus left in heaven and this sinful old world. No one can measure the distance from the top of His throne to the bottom of His cross.

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Yes — a Saviour of men. Can any good thing come out of China? Yes — many loyal followers of the Man of Nazareth. May this little book help you to give yourself to find them!

SHERMAN A. NAGEL.

Waichow, Kwangtung, China, June 9, 1921.

S. S. "MINNESOTA,"
on which many of our missionaries have crossed the Pacific

At Home with the Hakkas in South China

CHAPTER ONE

On Shipboard

BORN on the prairie at Forman, Sargent County, North Dakota, it was not until I was twelve years old that I saw mountains. At that age, father moved his family out to Oregon. Right at the very top of the Rockys, we had a wreck. Our train collided with another. It was wintertime; and for forty-eight hours we waited, until a wrecking crew could clear away the broken cars and repair the track so that we could go on. During this time, with snow piled deep everywhere, I studied the mountains to my heart's content. I have never forgotten the impression these great witnesses to God's power made upon my young mind.

But the mountains did not give me the sensation the ocean did when I viewed it for the first time. It was a great sight to me to see the blue water as far as the eye could reach, and hear the tireless

breakers dashing against the rocky shore. There is something about both mountains and ocean which causes man to have a very humble opinion of himself and think more of the greatness of God. There is no grander sight anywhere than to see the ocean in a storm.

Looking out across the wide Pacific that first time, I little dreamed that some day, not so many years hence, I should be on a great steamship journeying over the ocean as a herald of the third angel's message to our neighbors on the opposite shore. But such was God's plan for me. I am writing now from over here on this side of the world. It is not quite six o'clock, and the sun is just coming up in the eastern sky.

Another sight that thrilled me as a youth was the first ocean liner I ever saw pulling up to a wharf. I had never seen any boat larger than a rowboat before. The morning was very foggy. A man on the dock kept blowing his foghorn as a guide to the pilot, and soon we heard the pilot answer away off in the distance. We could tell, by the sound of his horn, that they were coming nearer; but they were right upon us before we discovered them in the fog. My! How big that first boat looked!

I must tell you just a little of my early school experience and how I came to go to China. My mother has told us many times of how she gave us all to God for His work. In North Dakota, we were almost the only members of our church in the county where we lived; so we had no church school. Mother taught us at home for a while, but finally sent us to the public school. My two younger brothers and I were at times the only Sabbath-keepers attending the school; and we had a cross to bear, I tell you. Because we tried to live the truth, the other students did many things to make life unpleasant for us. But we followed the instruction of our godly mother, and received God's blessing.

It was partly so that we children could attend our own school that my parents moved to Milton, Oregon. No one ever had better parents than I had, and they did their best to see that I had a training for the cause of God. Milton is but a short distance from College Place, Washington; and it was not long till I was in Walla Walla College. While there, I naturally began to wonder what I should do in life; and I finally decided that I should become a doctor

But I think my mother had other plans for me; and now that I am in the ministry, I am sure God had.

After attending Walla Walla a number of years, I went to Union College, at College View, Nebraska; and from there, I went to Loma Linda. We received blessed instruction and enjoyed good times during those early days at Loma Linda. I shall never cease to thank God for the godly teachers who were then at that school.

In 1908, I married a young lady I became acquainted with in "Union,"—Miss Mary Hansen. We spent our first summer with Elder Luther Warren at the Los Angeles mission, and in the fall returned to Loma Linda. I took some medical studies and did some teaching. The thought of ever going to a foreign field as a missionary had at that time never entered my mind.

But one day, Dr. A. C. Selmon came to Loma Linda. He had then been several years in China, being one of our very first missionaries to go there. He was home on a furlough, and was looking for helpers for the work in China. He asked wife and me if we would go. I replied that we were willing to be anywhere God wanted us, but the idea of going to China had never occurred to me. Mrs. Nagel had said from childhood, that she was some day going to be a missionary in China. However, I did not know this.

The doctor soon left, going on to Washington, and we thought no more about it. Finishing the school year, we went to my home in Oregon. One day, we were all greatly surprised to receive a letter from father in which he said, "I see by the *Review* that Sherman is going to China." I hunted up a copy of that paper; and sure enough, I read, "S. A. Nagel and wife to China." About three weeks after this, we received a letter from Elder Spicer asking us if we would go, and stating that the Mission Board desired us to be ready to sail in October.

Since Dr. Selmon had first spoken to us about going, several things had transpired which to man seemed to make it utterly impossible for us to sail then. But we were honest with God and prayed earnestly for His guidance. Were it not such a long story, I should like to tell you of how God overruled, and how He opened the way so that we could come to China. We have never had a doubt but that it was His will we should come to China to labor for

souls. God will so guide all of you if you will follow the rule He has given: "Yield your will to the will of the Master, do the duty which lies nearest, and then watch the indications of His providence."

It was not an easy task to tell father and mother, brothers and sister, and the home church, good-by. I confess that the tears flowed freely. I shall not forget the parting service in the church when the brethren and sisters gathered to shake our hands and bid us farewell. Their eyes were as red as ours. China looked a long way off then. It was a strange land with a strange people and language. In those days, there were not so many books about China as now. We had very few missionaries, and people were not so well informed as they are now. We knew little of what to expect.

One day found us in Vancouver waiting our time of sailing. We then learned that there was to be a good-sized party of us. I think there were seventeen, counting the children. Some have since returned to the States for various reasons, but four families are still in China. These are Dr. Selmon and wife, in Shanghai; Brother O. A. Hall and wife, also of Shanghai; Brother Fred Lee and wife, of Peking; and Mrs. Nagel and I, here among the Hakkas at Waichow. Brother Harold Oberg was also a member of this party, and he is yet working faithfully over in Korea.

Our boat was so crowded that many husbands and wives had to be separated on shipboard. Women were put together in one cabin and men in another. Brother Hall and I were in a cabin with a Japanese and a one-eyed doctor. Of course, we saw our families at meals and on deck.

We left Vancouver on Friday afternoon. That evening, we planned for Sabbath school to be held next day. Teachers were appointed, and everything was arranged for the service. But next morning, no one appeared for meeting. Why? I will tell you: From Vancouver across the sound to Victoria, the water is quiet, and so we all felt fine. But shortly before daybreak, we entered the Pacific, and began to toss and roll in the large breakers. I jumped out of my berth, dressed quickly, and ran up on deck. Something seemed to tell me that an abundance of fresh air was best for seasickness.

In the darkness, I stumbled upon Brother Lee and wife, who had reached deck ahead of me. "Good morning, Fred," I said. "I don't feel like saying Good morning," was his reply. He had a sorry time with seasickness nearly all the way across. Let me tell you that seasickness is something very nearly all who sail the seas have at times. Neither wife nor I was sick this voyage; and it was a lucky thing we were not, for there were several babies to look after. But we have both been seasick many times since.

It is one of the most awful feelings one can experience. Fortunately very few ever have any lasting effects from it, and generally it lasts only the first two or three days out. Then you get your "sea legs," and your stomach ceases to rise up in your throat when the ship glides down on a big wave. Some one has said that there are two distinct sensations to seasickness. The first is that you are afraid you are going to die; and the second, you are afraid you won't die! A few times, I have felt so ill from these awkward motions of the boat, that I could almost wish to die and have it over. This is the usual beginning of missionary hardships. You must experience it to understand it. If you have ever been sick from swinging too high, you know something of how it feels. This sickness does not spare any class, rich or poor, old or young, except the very young. Strange, babies do not seem to mind the big waves.

Many stories are told of supposed remedies for seasickness. I remember hearing one of our oldest workers tell of a lady who, when a fellow passenger had tried almost everything, advised him to fasten a poultice of hops over his stomach. He did so. Next morning, she inquired how he felt; and he replied, "Everything has come up but the hops, madam, and I fear they will come up next." The best remedy is to keep on deck, where the air is fresh, as much as possible. Take all the exercise you are able. Force yourself to walk the deck. When you sit down, put your steamer chair as near the center of the boat as you can get it. Make yourself eat, and soon it will all be over, and you will wear the smile of victory.

Then you will begin to enjoy the rough sea. Riding up one big wave and down another will be only sport. Time will not seem long, with your books, deck games, and the many opportunities you can make to tell fellow passengers the message of a soon-coming Sav-

iour. If you use wisdom, you can find many openings to witness for Jesus. On one trip to San Francisco, after I had been asked by the captain to preach in the drawing-room on Sunday, the people requested me to hold daily Bible studies in the parlor, which I did all the way across.

For a missionary is one every day, on shipboard as well as on the land. He must be ready to witness "in season and out of season." He must be sociable, courteous, and humble. He must be a Christian gentleman. His daily life must be a silent power for good. The world to-day knows what Seventh-day Adventists profess, and they expect us to live it out in our lives in our daily intercourse with them. Everything we do is watched and is open to criticism. Especially is this true on a ship, or wherever many people are close together for a long time.

They will watch to see if you live out our principles in the dining saloon. Here is one place where it takes a Daniel. I know, from experience, that it is possible even aboard ship not to sacrifice our health principles. It is not necessary to eat unhealthful and stimulating food, nor is it necessary to eat flesh food. A blessing will come with obedience. If we prepare for it, and fully make up our minds to do right, we can do so anywhere.

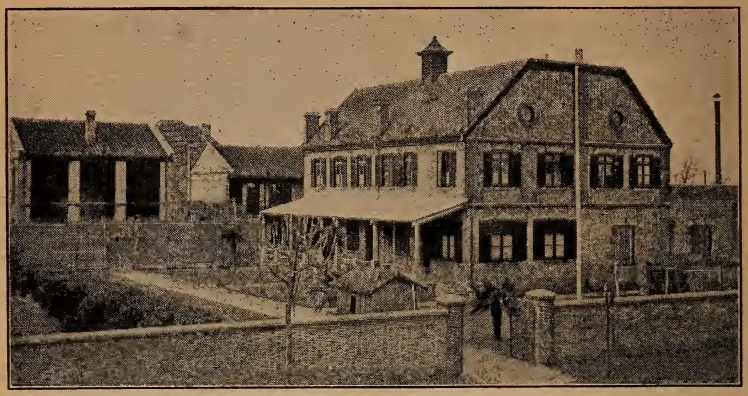
We had a terrible storm before we reached Yokohama. I think all of us were a bit anxious. One day, we all gathered in one of the cabins for prayer. As we rose from our knees, I looked out the porthole, and I saw, for just a minute, God's rainbow of promise stretched across the sky. I felt that our prayers were answered, and great peace and trust filled my heart. In a short time, the storm was over. The captain said it was the worst storm his ship had ever passed through.

On one trip that I made, the waves were high one night, and the captain ordered the stateroom windows closed. I obeyed for a time, and kept my porthole shut; but as the room was stuffy, I finally arose and opened it. I went to sleep, and was awakened by a great wave striking our side of the ship. I opened my eyes in time to see the ocean pouring into my room. I jumped up quickly and closed the window, but several inches of salt water already covered the floor. My trunks and suit cases were afloat. I put them up on another

berth, and crawled back into mine. For hours, that water splashed back and forth in my room. Where it went at last, I never knew. Daylight showed things in a frightful state. The rug on the floor was red, and as I walked around on it in the night, the color adhered to my feet, and my bed sheets and blankets were covered with red splashes. How the Chinese cabin boy scolded when he came in to bring me my early orange! He said the captain would certainly be angry. I reached him a half dollar, and he smiled and cleaned the room up. Everything had to be hauled up on deck to dry. After that experience, I never disobeyed the captain's orders.

One time, I was in a small steamer riding up the coast. It was the roughest ride I ever had; but fortunately I was not seasick. Becoming hungry, I crept from the place where I had been lying on the deck, to the officer's cabin, and asked for something to eat. "Eat!" exclaimed the captain. "Nobody ever eats on this boat." I think he told the truth. As it is only a one-day run, and nearly everybody aboard gets seasick, no one is expected to eat. One has to hang on to something every moment, for fear of being pitched overboard.

Six years ago I was in a worse storm — a three-day typhoon between Manila and Kobe. We had to turn and run before the wind. But my most exciting experience on board a ship was during the great war. The captain ordered all lights out, for enemy warships were in those waters. He had also ordered the life belts on. Some people neglected to obey this last order, and the captain said to them: "If this ship is struck with a torpedo, it will then be too late for you to go to your cabin for your life belts. When the lifeboat is lowered, we shall not wait for you." How true this is in our Christian experience! "Now is the day of salvation." Now is the time to put on the life belt. Now is the time to make sure. When danger comes, it will then be too late. Make ready NOW.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES PUBLISHING HOUSE, SHANGHAI

CHAPTER TWO

First Impressions

I MUST now tell you of how China appears to the new missionary. It has taken from fifteen to twenty-four days to cross the Pacific, according to the boat you were on. Some are very swift, making the run from Vancouver to China in fifteen days. The boat we were on was slower, taking twenty-four days. The boats leaving San Francisco take about the same time, only they go via Honolulu. All lines touch at several ports in Japan.

The first port of call in China is Shanghai. This city is not on the coast, but is up a river some twelve miles or more. The largest ocean liners do not go up the river, but anchor out at its mouth. Here we were met by a small boat. To welcome us were Dr. Miller, Brother Winslow, Brother Roberts, Sister B. Miller, and others.

I think it unfortunate that the missionary gets his first impressions of China from Shanghai, for this beautiful city is not China. True, there are many thousands of Chinese there; but it is owned and governed by foreign powers, and is a model city in most respects. Here you see every modern convenience. You notice the wide, paved

streets, the electric cars, the railroads, the running water, the fine brick houses, the gas stoves in the kitchens, and the electric lights, and you can hardly think that this is the China you had expected to see. Motor cars run everywhere, and now and then an airplane flies overhead. No, surely this is not China!

We lived several months here, waiting for a definite appointment. While we spent much time each day in language study, we thoroughly enjoyed our stay in Shanghai. Here are located our headquarters for all Asia, also the headquarters of the East China Union. Here we have a college, a printing plant, and a sanitarium. More than thirty families of our missionaries live here — that is, if people who live in Shanghai can be called by that name. Those who live in China proper sometimes think and say that, because of the pleasant, modern surroundings in Shanghai, those who live there can bear the title of missionary only when they strike off for a trip into the interior. I would as willingly live in Shanghai as any place in the world.

Yet here we noticed some things not to be seen in an American city. At that time, the Chinese men still wore their hair in a braid down their backs, and shaved the front part of their heads. This custom changed after the revolution ten years ago. In some sections, it is still followed. We observed that our neighbor kept a gander for a watchdog; and a very good one it made, too. The women hobbling around on their tiny bound feet, and the lepers lying along the street begging, were sad sights. The odors from the shops were not always the most refreshing; and riding in a ricksha, with a man for a horse, was a novel way to travel about town. It took us a long time to accustom ourselves to seeing women wearing trousers, like men.

Then there were the boats on the river, with large eyes painted on the bow, to enable them to travel in the channel. There were horrid gods in the temples, with their incense sticks always burning. The peculiar sounds of the coolies as they carried their burdens from a pole over the shoulder attracted our attention, as did the queer-looking signboards along the street. These are some of the things you will notice first as you step from your boat and travel about Shanghai.

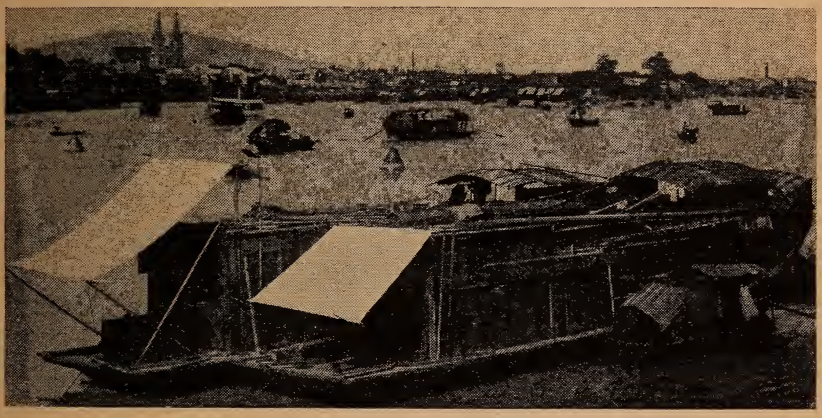
Here we met an old missionary who had been in China over fifty years. He told us that when he came over, he did so in a sailing ship and was six months making the trip. I thought of how God had fulfilled the prophecy of Daniel that in the last days, knowledge should be increased, in order that God's work might the sooner be finished. Now everything is ready. The world is open to receive the gospel. There are few places where we cannot freely go. The Bible having been translated into most of the important languages, anyone can know the will of God. Means of travel are provided; and yearly more and more of our young, strong men and women are going out into the harvest field to help finish the work quickly.

Finally it was decided that we should locate in South China and labor for the Hakka-speaking people. The weather was still cold when we left Shanghai in February, but it became warm enough as we neared Hongkong. Having cargo for Swatow, we stopped there *en route*. We arrived on Chinese New Year's day. All the coolies had gone off home for a vacation, and there was no one to load or unload the boat. So we remained here five days. Our ship was a small coast trader, and we were the only passengers. On the deck were several hundred sheep. Now that the weather was warm, the smells from the sheep deck were anything but pleasant. We had no mission work then in the Swatow dialect, and there was no one there whom we knew. We spent the five days getting better acquainted with the sights of China, and roaming over the hills across the bay. Now we have a fine mission compound in Swatow, and several hundred believers in that language area.

From Swatow, we passed on to the British colony of Hongkong. This is a small island at the mouth of the Pearl River. On this island is Victoria, a city of 400,000 people. Most of them are Chinese; but there are thousands of Portuguese, English, Americans, and Japanese. In fact, people from almost every country may be seen there. Like Shanghai, Hongkong has most modern improvements. In its beautiful harbor, one can usually see more than fifty ocean-going steamships. All transpacific boats begin and end their voyage here. It is the gateway to South China.

Up the Pearl River from Hongkong about eighty miles is Canton, the second city in size in China, with its large floating popula-

tion, thousands living in boats on the river. Here we took leave of our boat, and our mission life in China began. It was here that Morrison in 1807 began mission work for the Chinese. At that time, it looked like such a difficult task to reach the Chinese with the gospel, that a New York shipowner in whose vessel he sailed said sneeringly, "And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese empire?" "No, sir," Morrison replied; "I expect God will." It is said that



A TYPICAL RIVER SCENE

Canton has two million people, and that you will see them all the first day. Certainly great throngs walk the streets of this city.

Although we were appointed to the Hakka land, it was a year before we were able to go there to live. No houses could be obtained, and the mission had not at that time begun to build homes for the missionaries. The two houses that were afterwards built at Waichow were the first built from the fund raised ten years ago for this purpose. In the meantime, we lived at Canton and Macao, helping in any way we could, and with a native teacher, studying the Hakka language.

Living in Canton at that time were Elder J. N. Anderson, Brother George Harlow and wife, Brother Wilbur and family, and Sister Ida Thompson. These all lived in native houses. We shared

with Brother Harlow the upper story of a better class Chinese house. The lower story was occupied by a Chinese family, together with their pigs and chickens.

Great changes have taken place in Canton since the revolution that made China a republic ten years ago. Its old city wall has been torn down, and many of its narrow streets have been widened. Old shops have been removed, and modern store buildings have been erected. One of them is twelve stories high. Our mission now owns its own property there, with homes, schools, and church buildings.

At last, we succeeded in buying a piece of land just outside the Little East Gate at Waichow, and Brother J. P. Anderson built his house. Then we moved up and lived in part of his while ours was being erected. Here I am in this home now; and I must stop writing so much history, and tell you the things you are anxious to learn about China.

While building our houses, we learned much of Chinese character. We noticed that some men were cutting down the trees on our property. When caught, they said, to defend their action, "We sold you the land, but we did not sell you the trees on it." The workmen had to be watched every moment, or they would put in mud for lime, or put rice water in the tar with which we were painting the board fence, or else they would cleverly put together several pieces of wood and sell it for one solid board. General Grant said, after his trip around the world, that the funniest sight he saw was a Chinese beating a Jew at a bargain. We have a saying that "Honesty is the best policy," but the heathen Chinese thinks that "Falsehood is the best policy." He never tells the truth unless he cannot get out of it. He always has the truth stored away back in his head to use if necessary.

We observed that the Chinese do many things just the opposite of the way we do them. The carpenter draws his plane toward himself. The goats and the cows are milked on the left side. The people scratch their matches by pushing them along the side of the box. They shake their own hands when meeting a friend, instead of shaking the friend's hand. The left-hand chair is the seat of honor. They read from the back of the book toward the front, and

up and down, instead of from left to right. When they address a letter, they put the person's name last on the envelope. When they hand you anything, they do so with both hands instead of one; and you must receive it with both hands. In writing a man's name, they write the surname first, and the given name afterwards. The cook, in paring vegetables, pushes the knife away from her. If a man is kind to his wife, and helps her a bit about the house, all the neighbors will laugh at him. When two men meet in China, the younger will quickly remove his glasses instead of his hat, for it would not be good manners to look at his elder through glass.

So many things are different, one must learn to "think yellow." The first year or two, everything is strange, you see much to write about, and your letters are very interesting to the home folk; but as you live longer out here, you don't see these differences any more. You fall into the habit of doing many things as the Chinese do, and that seems the proper way.

China is commonly spoken of as "the Hundred Surnames." There are only so many in all China. There are more Wongs in China than there are Smiths in all the world. The Chinese often speak of themselves as "All Under Heaven." As you no doubt know, it was not until recent years that foreigners were welcome in China. Even yet we are often called "foreign devils." They have some queer names for other countries. France they call "the country of law." The English they call "the red-haired people." Cement is called "red-haired dirt," as it first came from England. America they call "the beautiful country," or more often "the country with the flowery flag."

It is good manners in China, when in conversation, to exalt the one you are speaking to, and speak very slightingly of yourself. This is well if not carried too far. They think it very polite to ask many personal questions about a guest. How old are you? Where were you born? How many sons have you? Is your father living? How much salary do you receive? Have you eaten yet? How much did your shoes cost? These are examples of very common questions everyone will ask.

A sample conversation may begin as follows: My visitor asks, "Have you eaten rice?" I reply: "Thank you, I have eaten. It was

very rude of me to eat before you." "What is your honorable name?" I answer, "My inferior name is 'Na'!" "What is your precious given name?" I tell him, "My humble name is 'Ki Li.'" "From what great country did you come?" "My good-for-nothing country is America." "How many golden sons have you?" "I have one very inferior son." "Your mission compound is very beautiful." "No, it is not pretty. It is not good to look at." Then he may reverse. "How many days were you aboard ship on your way to my very poor country?" I reply, "I reached your most exalted country in twenty-four days." And so you go on. Is it any wonder that people are often misunderstood in China?

The Chinese think we have no manners, and we are certain they have none. When they come to visit you, they never knock, but walk right in. They will not go behind a doorway that has a curtain; for in their own homes, they put a curtain over the door to show that the room beyond belongs to women and is therefore private. Otherwise they will run all over the house, handle what they like, and ask many foolish questions. If they can find the stairway, you may expect them to hurry upstairs. They have heard that foreigners sleep up there, and our beds are a great curiosity. You know the Chinese sleep on two boards. They will crawl under our beds, examine all with care, and by so doing, think they show respect to us. It is only a different way of looking at things, that is all. Our iron stove in the kitchen is a great wonder, and the pump and the sink are others. A whole Chinese kitchen outfit — three clay stoves, clay kettles, frying pan, in fact, all they use in preparing a meal — you could buy for two dollars. There are some Chinese of the better class to whom this would not apply.

One needs a great deal of patience in China. And you must be filled with the love of Jesus to keep sweet, if you ever expect to be a help to these people. We are not here to change their customs — the ones which are not sinful; therefore we must adapt ourselves to the Chinese way of doing things. It is not necessary to wear Chinese clothing any more, as many of them now dress as we do.

I shall speak later of many good traits in Chinese character. Here are millions of God's children who do not know Him, and who have no hope of a Saviour.

CHAPTER THREE

Geography

THE name for China in their own language is "Middle Kingdom"; or, to translate it out in full, it is "the Middle Flowery Republic." China proper is divided into eighteen provinces, or states. Besides these, there are four dependencies,— Manchuria, Mongolia, Tibet, and Turkestan. These make, all together, a total of 4,283,170 square miles. For the sake of comparison, I will give you the area of the United States, including Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands, which is 3,624,122 square miles. So you see that China is much larger than our own country.

In round numbers, China has 400,000,000 people, while the United States has only a little over 100,000,000. Every fourth child born into the world is born into a Chinese home. In some sections, China averages over six hundred people to every square mile of territory.

Then China is a very old country. "When Moses led the Israelites through the wilderness, Chinese laws and literature and Chinese religious knowledge excelled that of Egypt. A hundred years before the north wind rippled over the harp of David, Wung Wang, an emperor of China, composed classics which are committed to memory at this day by every advanced scholar of the empire. While Homer was composing and singing the Iliad, China's blind minstrels were celebrating her ancient heroes, whose tombs had already been with them through nearly thirteen centuries. Her literature was fully developed before England was invaded by the Norman conquerors. The Chinese invented firearms as early as the reign of England's first Edward, and the art of printing five hundred years before Caxton was born. They made paper A. D. 150, and gunpowder about the beginning of the Christian era. Two thousand years ago the forefathers of the present Chinese sold silks to the Romans, and dressed in these fabrics when the inhabitants of the British Isles wore coats of blue paint and fished in willow canoes. Her great wall was built two hundred and twenty years before Christ

was born in Bethlehem, and contains material enough to build a wall five or six feet high around the globe."

Thus the Chinese are seen to be the most numerous and the most enduring race in the world. Of all peoples of ancient history, only the Jews and the Chinese survive; but the Jews have lost country, language, and nationality, while to the Chinese these remain. The historic records of China extend back almost to the time of the Flood, many years before the pyramids were built in Egypt. The Chinese emperor Yu reigned eight centuries before the time of Moses. Although subjugated by Genghis Khan in the thirteenth century and by the Manchus in the seventeenth, yet the Chinese have kept their religion, government, language, and customs, and in the end, absorbed their conquerors. All must agree that the Chinese are one of the most gifted divisions of the human family.

No country in the world has more large rivers than China; and as there are few railroads and wagon roads, the rivers form the principal means of communication. From my study window, I can look out over the East River, where daily hundreds of sailboats and a few small steamers pass up and down. South China is very mountainous, the people living down in the many narrow valleys along the rivers. I am doubtful if one could go anywhere in South China where one would be out of sight of mountains.

China has many beautiful, fragrant flowers and sweet-singing birds. In some places, nature is lovely, and we are reminded of the words of the song, "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Our home surroundings are very attractive. In front is the river. To the east is a little lake, the banks of which are covered with tall bamboos that wave like great ostrich plumes in every breeze. Behind is a low hill covered with trees of different kinds and a pear orchard. West of us is Waichow city wall, with only a narrow road between it and our compound. Opposite us is a gate called "the Convenient Little Gate," through which we enter the city. The wall is of brick, and is about twenty-five feet high. Across the river is a chain of high mountains. When inside our compound, we almost forget that we are in China.

In South China, for half of the year, it is very warm and we wear white clothing. The other six months, we wear our woolen

suits. We seldom have frosts in the winter; and I have seen it snow only two or three times, and then but a very little fell. May, June, and July are the most trying months, for this is the rainy season. Rain falls in other months of the year; but during these three, it pours nearly every day. The intense moisture, with the heat, makes one feel very lazy. Many things spoil at this time of the year.

Unless your clothing is put away in air-tight trunks or in camphorwood boxes, it will mold badly. My books in the library get white with mold, and must be wiped off and sunned whenever the sun appears. I pick up my typewriter and find the ribbon all moldy. Your shoes will get white overnight. These three months are the hardest on our health and on all that we have. Other pests that we must constantly guard against in China are "silverfish," a small insect that eats clothing; mosquitoes, which carry malaria, and because of which we always sleep under a net; cockroaches and ants in the kitchen; snakes in the basement; and white ants, which eat the timbers in the house. White ants are like sins. They work away on the inside in the dark; but unless discovered and stopped, they will cause ruin.

These heavy rains cause destructive floods nearly every year. I have seen the whole city of Waichow under water. Our house, though on a small hillside, has had two feet of water in the basement. All the lawn and garden were flooded. Our church, which is on lower land, had ten feet of water in it. The water was up almost to the roof of many houses in the city. People lived on the roofs for several days. Food was sold from small boats that ran up and down the streets. It was an amusing sight to see pigs, ducks, chickens, furniture, and children all on a roof. Many people suffered from the rain. If the floods cover the rice fields too long, the grain will rot, and then follows famine. Plague is also bad during this season.

Here all must wear heavy sun helmets most of the year, to protect head and neck from the rays of the sun. It is very dangerous not to do so, and a cork helmet is about the first thing the new missionary buys. Even though the sky be cloudy, you cannot safely walk out of doors without your sun hat on.

Cities in China are not like those in America. The larger ones are walled. The streets are very narrow, the widest not over twenty feet, and some so narrow that you could not get through if you put up your umbrella. They are also very crooked. It is said that they are purposely made crooked, so that the devil cannot find where the people live. Because the Chinese have no confidence in their neighbors and are afraid of robbers, they do not live in isolated places in the country, as we do in the United States, but they cluster close together in villages. Every morning, the farmer will take his buffalo and tools out to his little farm, where he will work for the day; and at even, he returns, with all his cattle, to the village. The cities are very dirty. Flies are everywhere, and offensive smells greet you on every side. One of our old ministers visiting Canton said the odors he smelled as he went through the streets reminded him of what Mark Twain said of eating Limburger cheese over a London sewer.

There are no roads in South China. Can you imagine a country with no roads? Therefore, except in Canton, there are no wagons, carriages, or automobiles. In some places, you do see a few bicycles. Everywhere are narrow paths, never over four feet wide, and oftener only two or even less. At the present time, there is much talk of building roads, so that motor cars may be used for freight and passenger service. Most large cities are connected by telegraph, some have electric light plants, and the very largest have telephone service. The post-office department is efficient, and to-day China has many daily and weekly newspapers.

Machinery and tools are still very crude. Lumber is all sawed out by hand, and the farmers are using the same kind of plow as Abraham used. It is pulled by a water buffalo. We have no milk cows. We buy buffalo milk; and by adding to it a little salt, we have learned to like it very well. Fowls, pigs, sheep, horses, and goats are all of very inferior grade. Many imported articles, as tinned milk, flour, sewing machines, oil, cloth, clocks, and soap, can be bought almost anywhere. In Canton and Hongkong, you may buy nearly anything to be had in the world. Imported products are, of course, much more expensive in China. Here in Waichow, sugar, potatoes, foreign vegetables, and many other things we use, can-

not be bought. These we have shipped up from Canton. We have learned to eat many native foods, such as rice, sweet potatoes, beans, taro, greens, bean cake, and several kinds we have no name for in English. Eggs are cheap, selling for about ten cents gold a dozen.

One of the most useful articles in China is bamboo. I do not believe that the Chinese could get on without it. There are several kinds, and it makes its full growth in one year. I have been surprised to see how many uses the Chinese have for it. I will mention a few, so you may see how valuable it is. The sprouts are eaten. I have eaten many of them. Split bamboo is made into baskets of every size and shape. The coolie's carrying pole is bamboo; so are the poles with which the boatmen push their boats. From it are made fences, paper, window bars, candlesticks, rope, Victrola needles, flour and sand sieves, clock springs, bookcases, fans, curtains, pens, brushes, scrolls, matting, money safes, carved ornaments, trunks, pipes, boxes, fishing rods, incense sticks, chairs, stools, and benches of all kinds, idols, kites, picture frames, nails, back scratchers, bellows, pillows, bowls, paper cutters, brooms, chopsticks, sedan chairs, clotheslines, tables, whistles, handles of all kinds, flutes, drums, trays, fish pens, chicken and pig crates, lanterns, bird cages, signboards, combs, baby cabs, arches, ladders, greenhouses, mat sheds, hats, toys, gloves for coarse work, dustpans, coarse clothing, rafts, roofs for the boats, mosquito-net frames, and many other things. It is a good fuel. On the lawn, the plants are trimmed into hedges and other pretty shapes. Mourners at funerals wear a crown of bamboo. It is the most useful wood in the world.

In South China, besides bananas, oranges, pineapples, grapefruit, plums, pears, peaches, guavas, loquats, and persimmons, there are numerous kinds of fruit not common in America, as mangoes, limes, litchis, corambolas, dragon eyes, yellow skins, papaws, custard apples, and pomegranates. In North China, they have apples, grapes, cherries, figs, and strawberries. We have watermelons that look very fine but are not sweet. There are many kinds of pumpkins and vegetables, a number of which do not grow in the United States. The longer we live in China, the better we like the native food, and the less we care for the imported. God has put in every country the food most suitable for the people who live in that land.

CHAPTER FOUR

Home Life

COME with me, and we will visit a Chinese home. The home in any land is the smallest unit in the state, and the most important. If the home is what it ought to be, the state will take care of itself. It is a sad fact that China's greatest failure is to be found here. Satan's fiercest attacks are directed against the home, which God established away back in Eden; and in countries where God is not known, and where the people worship false gods, you will always find the home life far from ideal.

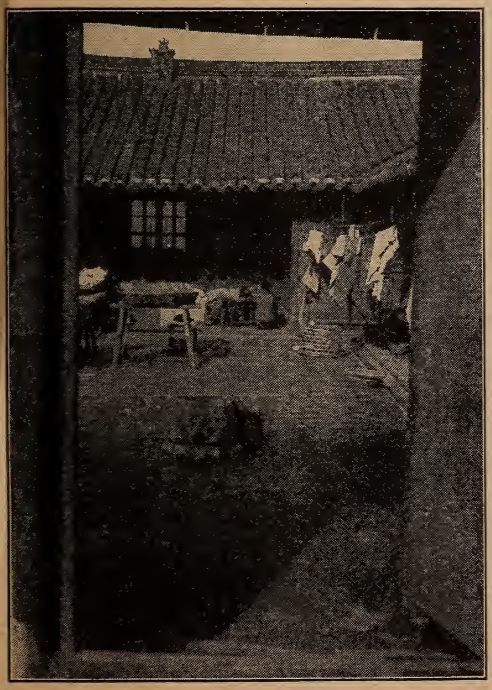
The house is not the home. The house is only the place where the family make the home. One little boy said he lived in a very poor house but had the best home in the world — his mother. China's greatest need is Christian mothers. But first we will look at the house. Except in large cities where foreign influence has been felt for many years, houses in China are only one-story high. Some are very low. They are usually built around an open court. Sometimes they are round and sometimes square. As a rule, they are made of brick; though in some sections where brick is not to be had, they are built of lime and sand and mud pounded together and plastered on the outside. Among the poorer classes, the vast majority of the houses are made of sundried mud brick. All the roofs are of clay tile. If China ever experienced a hailstorm, all these tile roofs would be ruined and would leak.

It is almost safe to say that all houses in China have earth floors. A very few are made of brick or cement. In many homes, cattle, pigs, chickens, and ducks have a part of the house. The houses are almost entirely without windows, and the sleeping rooms are very dark and cheerless. In the door is a hole for the dog and the cat to run in and out at night. In most of the houses, there is very little furniture. Nine tenths of them are no cleaner than our barns in America, and smell worse.

The women live by themselves. In many homes, the father and the sons do not eat with mother and daughters. Many houses in

China are very large, covering a great deal of ground, for all the relatives live together. Property is owned in common. Grandfather and all his sons and grandsons live together. This often makes a great deal of trouble, causing much quarreling and confusion. However, one thing we may say for the Chinese: they have great respect for their parents and for old age in general, and obey better than most children, even after they are grown up. The word of the oldest man in the house is law. This is one reason why the gospel does not spread rapidly in China. Unless you get the older people to take hold, it is difficult to get the younger ones.

In China, a man may have as many wives as he can afford to buy and can support. His wife is his property, and he can do with her as he likes. He can beat her, sell her, or drown her, as he wishes. All that he fears is her relatives, and he does not fear them if his own clan is strong. A man may sell his wife for five causes: first, if she does not bear him a son; second, if she does not obey; third, if she scolds her mother-in-law; fourth, if she has a bad disease; and fifth, for the very simple reason that he has decided she is not good-looking. In many a Chinese household, a man would be ashamed to be seen talking with his wife. A man must always take the side of his mother against his wife. When a family go for a visit to a friend, the father will walk on ahead a long way, and the family will follow. The other day, our carpenter was telling me about one of his workmen.



A CHINESE COURTYARD

He said he was a very good fellow, but that he had chopped his wife's head open with a hoe and killed her.

Women work very hard in China. Here in Hakka land, where they have never followed the practice of foot-binding, the women do most of the work in the fields. Their life is certainly a hard one. A favorite greeting to a Chinese man is to ask if his wife is able to support the family. The husband of one of the women who work for us is absolutely good for nothing. She supports the three children. Before she came to us, she did not always have work; and I have heard her say that many a time, the four of them lived on five cents a day. Now they have plenty.

Both father and mother feel sad when a baby girl is born in China. There is one more mouth to feed; and when she is grown up, she will marry into another family. For this very reason, there are few girls' schools. It is difficult to get the girls to attend school. Their parents contend that it is useless for a girl to get an education. All the money they spend on her is wasted; for she goes into another family, which reaps the benefit of their work and sacrifice. So a girl works hard at home, and then goes to the home of her mother-in-law to work even harder. As she will be the youngest in that family, she must therefore be servant of all. Many times, girls are sold when young. Sometimes they are put on the missionary's doorstep. One morning, I found one just outside our front gate — dead. Often they are put down along the roadside where passers-by will hear their cries and take them to a charitable institution.

Marriages in China are generally contracts made by the parents while the children are small. It is seldom that a man sees his first wife before the day of the wedding. For this reason, often a man will pick out another girl for himself, one better to his liking. But the second wife must be servant to number one. In China, you cannot buy property, get a wife, or do anything else of consequence, without a go-between. If a Chinese desires you to do anything for him, or if he wishes something from you, he will hardly, if ever, come to you and talk about it, but he will send some one else to talk for him. Even among Christians, many of the boys do not see their wives until their wedding day.

Just a short time ago, I was called to marry one of our workers. I asked him if he had ever seen his wife-to-be; and he replied: "No; my father picked her out for me when I was a baby. But she is a Christian, and has attended school three years." At the house, I was master of ceremonies. The guests were on hand early, and we ate the feast before the wedding. About four o'clock in the afternoon, a runner came from the young lady's home, stating that her chair would arrive soon. When she was in sight, a bunch of firecrackers were set off. The middleman was the only one who accompanied the chair. The girl had ridden about ten miles. The chair was let down in my presence; but before unlocking the door, they shot off a few mammoth firecrackers, enough to frighten the poor, caged girl out of her wits. Then the middleman unlocked the door, and out stepped the girl to the gaze of all. I took her into a little side room where a few women were assembled, and invited the bridegroom in to rehearse the ceremony. Imagine inviting a man in to see his bride for the first time! He did not see much of her then; for she wore over her face a veil, which she refused to take off — and I did not blame her much. They did not wish to take hold of hands; so I told them they might do as most Christians do in China, put both their hands together on the Bible. As she would not take off her veil, he promised to "love, protect, honor, and cherish" a girl he had never seen. I laughingly told him afterwards that that was more than I would do. Some of the saddest experiences I have ever seen have been where a Christian girl has married into a heathen home and become slave to her mother-in-law. It is pitiable when a Christian marries a non-Christian in America, but it is worse over here.

Suppose you are invited to dinner at a Chinese home. The women will eat at one table, and the men at another. Every seat at the table has its rank. The one facing the doorway is the seat of honor. A long time is spent in getting seated at a Chinese feast. Your host will wish you to take the highest place, but you never do so without trying to push some one else into it. After a great deal of mock ceremony, you are at last seated. You will not enjoy everything the first time you eat there. You must become accustomed to many queer customs first.

You notice that there are no knives and forks. You must eat with two slender chopsticks, a little smaller than a pencil, and somewhat longer. With these two held in one hand, you must pick out your food and push the rice into your mouth. There is no tablecloth on the table. It took me a long time to learn to use chopsticks, but I flatter myself that now I can use them like the natives. I take my own bowl, chopsticks, and spoon every time I go to the country; for the Chinese are not very careful about washing their dishes after meals, and one does not like the dirty dishes used by others. However, this is almost a useless precaution; for at the table, all will put their chopsticks into the same dish. Sometimes the host, to be very polite, will take the chopsticks that have been in his mouth, and pick out with them the choicest bits of food, to put on your bowl of rice. You eat it, of course, and say nothing. After dinner, they will all wash with the same towel, and then pass around a silver toothpick, which all use in turn. I never do. They all smoke the same pipe and drink from the same teacup. Perhaps you will not understand what I mean by saying that "all wash with the same towel." The Chinese wash by dipping a towel into a washdish and wiping the face and the hands with it.

The Chinese will eat almost anything. I have seen them eat bugs, rats, snakes, dogs, and, in fact, about everything. They are especially fond of pork, and eat more of it than of any other kind of meat. They very much like fowls too, and eat some beef, though, as the cow is a useful animal, she is seldom eaten until she dies. They are also very fond of wine, and drink it at every meal when they can afford it. Almost everyone smokes, men, women, and children. I have seen a baby stop nursing its mother and take a puff or two at her pipe or cigarette. It is no wonder that the Chinese are dwarfs. Opium is not used to the extent it was once, but it is still used freely. In many places, despite the efforts of a few officials, the poppy from which opium is made is still grown. Of course, we teach our believers to put away all unclean foods. At our last general meeting in North Hakka, no flesh food of any kind was served.

The laboring class in China work early and late. Labor is cheap. Skilled labor can be secured for twenty cents gold a day,

unskilled for ten cents. Their work is not only cheap in price, but it is cheap in quality and quantity. Chinese are great imitators, and can make almost anything if they have a pattern to copy.

In South China, the people are quite clean about their person. They bathe nearly every day, but do not get into a tub as we do. They take a bucket of water, sit down in a corner of the kitchen, and with a small towel, wash themselves all over. Even a baby is never put into a tub of water; but the mother sets it on her two feet while she washes it in the usual manner. They always dry themselves with the same towel they used to wash with.

These people have great reverence for whiskers, all elderly men letting them grow long when they are so fortunate as to have any to let grow. Many times, there are only about three on each side. For ages, the Chinese have shaved with such dull knives that it is a wonder they have any roots of their hair left. Many of our young missionaries let their whiskers grow the first years they are in China. They think this gives them prestige with the natives. When they get a few gray hairs, or their wives object too seriously, they cut them off.

It has been truly said that China is a large graveyard. It is a land of graves. The hill land in some places is covered with them. Funerals and weddings are "red" affairs in China. When any member of the family dies, all the relatives meet together and have a feast. Many Chinese buy their coffins years before they expect to use them. You will see the coffin fastened up on the rafters as you enter the house. They are a very hard-hearted race, manifesting very little sympathy. I have seen them laugh at and kick a poor man who had just been shot for his crimes, who was still gasping as his lifeblood ebbed away. The weeping at funerals is mostly done by the hired mourners. Jesus hanging on the cross does not make so strong an appeal to this poor people as to some races. Yet in time they respond to true love.

The largest piece of money we have in current use here is the twenty-cent piece. In some port cities, they have a silver dollar. In buying our property and building our homes, we paid for all in twenty-cent pieces. Our workers are all paid with them. Then there is a ten-cent piece, a copper, and least of all, the "cash." This

is a round coin with a square hole in it, and is worth about the twentieth of a cent United States gold. Buying goods is one of the hardest things we have to do in China. A newcomer is always cheated until he learns the value of things. There is no fixed price on anything. If you wish to buy a banana, or a piece of cloth, or a sweet potato, you must talk price. The Chinese waste a great amount of time this way; but then, time is not very valuable to the people of the East.

Some Americans think the Chinese are all washermen. I suppose this is because so many of them follow that trade over there. But it is something they have learned since they left China. In the interior, you never see a man washing clothes. The Chinese divide themselves into five classes of society. First is the scholar, because mind is superior to wealth; second, the farmer, because mind cannot act without the body, and the body cannot exist without food; third, the mechanic, because next to food, shelter is necessary; fourth, the tradesman or merchant; and last of all and lowest of all, the soldier. He does not build up but destroys society. He is a necessary evil.

No one likes better than the Chinese to take a chance. Gamblers abound. Every now and then some well meaning governor will suppress gambling, but sooner or later it returns. It is a great curse to the nation, and has a great hold on the people.

And China has many beggars. They are well organized, and respect the beggar higher up. I will close this chapter with a story of a beggar which has a lesson in it for us all: A snake-charming beggar fell asleep by the roadside and dreamed. In his dream, he was dissatisfied with life. He pitied his lot, and thought what a hard fate it was to be a snake-charming beggar. To himself he said, "O, to be king of the beggars!" Suddenly, in his dream, he seemed to be the king beggar. Ye he was not satisfied. He found he was still subject to authority, and must obey the command of the district magistrate. He sighed to become a magistrate, and at last he became one. But once magistrate, he learned that he was subject to the governor; so he schemed every way to be made governor. Then he was disappointed to find that the governor was under the emperor. "Just one more step," he said, "and I can rule all under heaven." Finally, in his long dream, he became emperor. Now he

expected to be perfectly happy and contented. But one day, he was out walking, and the sun beat down upon him, and made the emperor very uncomfortable. He grew angry, and wished to be the sun, that he might have his vengeance on everybody. After he had become a sun and was trying with all his power to scorch a certain king, a little cloud came between him and the object of his wrath. "If I were only a cloud," he said, "then I should have my heart's satisfaction." But one day after being made a cloud, he tried to get over a great mountain, and failed. "I believe that being a mountain is better than being a cloud," he said. Then he turned into a mountain. One day he felt something cold and creepy crawling up his back. It was a great snake, and it gave him an awful fright. Right away he wished to become a snake. But after he had become a snake, an old beggar came along and charmed him and put him in his sack. "After all, to be a snake-charming beggar is the finest position in all the world," he said. Just then he awoke. Let us learn the lesson: Be where God wants you, and then be satisfied with the work He gives you to do.

ONE OF CHINA'S NARROW STREETS

CHAPTER FIVE

China's Language

THE missionary is of little use in China, until he learns the language. You would not expect a man to do successful work in America for English-speaking people unless he knew the English language. If his English were poor, he would have difficulty to hold an audience. This is even truer in China. The Chinese are not anxious to hear the gospel. They are prejudiced against it, and are satisfied with their own religion. While our message has a power in it that no heathen religion has, yet how long do you think it would take a Chinese, if he spoke only broken English, to convert an American to Taoism? He probably could not do it if he spoke perfect English, for we are satisfied with our religion and look down upon his. But we are no more satisfied with the religion of Jesus than he is with the teachings of Confucius. How necessary it is, then, that we be able to give our message in plain Chinese!

There is another reason why the missionary should master the Chinese language. Remember, these people belong to the yellow race. Their ways of thinking and acting are quite different from the ways of the white race. Until you can talk to them heart to heart in their own language, you can never hope to understand their character,— the way to appeal to their minds,— and therefore you will never be able to labor successfully for them. All of us missionaries have translated sermons given by able men, which have meant little or nothing to the Chinese audience. I well remember one good brother who was visiting us from the United States, who spoke on "Vocation Versus Avocation" to our Hakka church. I was translator; and all the time, I felt so sorry for the Chinese, I could hardly be composed. Another old missionary smiled knowingly when I mentioned the subject to him.

There is still another reason why you should get the language as soon as possible after arriving in the field. When you begin to mingle with the people, your ear will detect the strange tones of the language; and if you put forth earnest effort then, you will perceive

ne difference between the sounds. But should you listen to these trange sounds a year or more, without special effort to distinguish etween them, you would find that they fall on your ear as a confused hole, and you would hardly be able to differentiate between them.

For the Chinese language is one having many tones, or inflections. The same word said in a different tone means altogether a ifferent thing. This is what gives Chinese such a singsong sound.

SOME CHINESE CHARACTERS
The ancient hieroglyphics from which the characters are derived, are also shown.

or example, take the word *mun*. If said in a low tone, it means door." If said in a higher tone, it means "mosquito." If said with slight rising inflection, it means "to ask."

We all make many ridiculous mistakes when beginning to speak ie language. We perhaps forget the tone, and thus say something e did not wish to say. One of our teachers told her Bible class that ie gates of the New Jerusalem were made of pork. "Pork" and pearl" are the same word in Hakka — *chu* — only said in a different ne. Many times, I have called for soup at a Chinese inn, when wanted sugar. Even after we can speak the language quite well, e make some serious blunders.

In Chinese, there are in many instances several names for the same thing. In English, rice is rice, whether it is on the table or growing in the field; but not so in China. The little tender plants are called *miau;* when it is ready to harvest, it is called *vo;* before it is hulled, it is called *kwuk;* after it is hulled, it is called *mi;* and when it is cooked, it is *fan.*

In studying Chinese, you must have a Chinese teacher. You will have a dictionary, your Bible, and possibly a few other books as helps. But to be able to speak Chinese, you must seek constantly to use what you know. I made long trips into the country, where I could not use a word of English, and where I was forced to speak with the natives. Doing thus will help you to learn quickly to speak Chinese. I never shall forget the first time I tried to speak in public in Chinese. I do not think that those who heard me will ever forget it either. It was the hardest hour's work I ever did.

Not all of China has the same language. There are many dialects, each quite different from all the others. However, there is one written language read and understood by all Chinese scholars. This is a great blessing, as our books and papers, filled with gospel truth, can be read everywhere. In South China, there are six dialects,— Cantonese, Hakka, Swatowese, Amoyese, Mandarin, and Fuchow. We now have a well established work in all these languages, and we have some missionaries who can speak several dialects.

In past years, the chief study in all Chinese schools was the characters of the language. A man was educated if he knew the characters well. They do not have words in Chinese, but characters. Everything has its own character; so, to be able to read the Bible in Chinese, you must recognize several thousand characters. It is much easier to read them than to write them. Now the schools teach the same branches as do our American schools, still their language study is all-important.

You would enjoy a visit to one of our schools. In Waichow city, we have just finished a fine girls' school building. This year, about sixty girls have attended. Throughout the Hakka field, we have several other schools, with over four hundred boys and girls in attendance. The students in all the primary schools study aloud.

They think they cannot hear (understand) what they are reading unless they read it aloud to themselves. We could not stand so much noise, but the Chinese teachers do not seem to mind it. They say they can better tell whether all are studying, if they study aloud. Some of these boys and girls are very bright. In Canton, there are several girls who can repeat the entire New Testament from memory. The pupils come to school very early in the morning, and go home at ten o'clock for breakfast. In this part of China, the people eat only two meals a day.

When you come to China, you will change your name for one in Chinese. Commonly we choose characters whose sounds are similar to the sound of our English name. For example, my English — or rather German — name, Nagel, is put into three Chinese characters,— Na Ki Li.

Not until recently have we had the whole Bible in Hakka. For many years, we had only the New Testament. The Bible societies have certainly done a great work for God in translating and publishing the Scriptures in the various languages of earth. I am going to tell you the story of the man who translated the Bible for the American Bible Society into the written language of China. I heard Dr. Hykes, who is in charge of this society for Asia, give this interesting account one day while in Shanghai.

Mr. Schereschewsky had preëminent qualifications as a Bible translator; for he was a Polish Jew, and Hebrew was his native tongue. He knew several other languages. When a young man, he sailed from London to labor as a missionary in China, under the London Missionary Society. He was six months making the voyage. While on shipboard, he employed a Chinese teacher, and made remarkable progress in the language. When he arrived in Shanghai, he not only could speak quite fluently, but could even write essays in classical Chinese.

After several years of faithful service, he was made a bishop, and was located in Central China, at Wuchang. One day, he suffered a severe sunstroke, which resulted in paralysis of his limbs and partly of his tongue. Ever afterwards he stammered badly. The doctors thought he might possibly live to reach Shanghai, so he was carried on board a river steamer bound for that port. On the

way down river, he became so ill that one of the ministers with him began to read the prayers for the dead which are read in their church. But the good bishop said that he did not intend to die. And he did not die. He recovered his health, but could not use his arms or legs, and it was very difficult for him to talk.

The Mission Board under which he was working, thinking his days of usefulness were ended, sent him home. But one day in America, he hunted up the office of the American Bible Society, and asked them to send him out to China as a translator. They could hardly understand him when he spoke, he stammered so. Out of respect for his past service as a missionary, they let him down as easily as possible; but they refused to hire him as a translator.

Most men would have become discouraged; but not he. His faith led him to ask and expect large things. He went to Jay Gould and other rich men in America, and asked them for money with which to translate the Bible into Wen-li, the classical language of China. They listened to his story, believed what he said, and gave him the money he needed.

He could use only two fingers of his right hand; but with these two fingers, he wrote the entire Bible out in Romanized Chinese. That is, he used our English letters instead of the Chinese characters. This manuscript is called the "two-finger" Bible. This took him a long time; and when he had it completed, he returned with it to China. Here he found an educated Chinese Bible woman who helped him write it all over in the classical language of China. It took them eight years, working eight hours every day, to finish this task.

After this work was well done, he greatly desired to go over it all once more and make it a reference Bible. One day, he said to Dr. Hykes, "How long do you think I will live?" The doctor replied, "Oh, perhaps ten years, certainly for five." "All right," the bishop said; "I will try to finish in five years." He did so, to a month. Then he was suddenly taken ill. He had been sick but a short time when he said to his Japanese servant, "Put me in my old work chair, where I have sat so many years." This was done; and not long afterwards, with his labor of love and the tools for his work all about him — he died. His translation is conceded to be the best we have in the Chinese language. Such men are truly heroes.

CHAPTER SIX

The Religions of China

THERE are three forms of religion recognized in China. They are Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism. The first two originated in China, while the last came in from India. There are also many Mohammedans and a few thousand Christians here. Heathenism in China is really a mixture of the three recognized systems. I might tell you a great deal about each of these. But I fear it would not be very interesting to young minds; so instead, I will relate experiences that I have had, and tell you things you could see any day in this dark, heathen land.

Right next door to our city chapel in Waichow is an idol maker's shop. China has many kinds of false gods. There are the god of the kitchen, the god of rain, the god of the field, the war god, and the goddess of mercy, with hundreds of others. The people worship the spirits that they think live in trees. As in Bible times, there are idol shrines under every green tree. Upon these shrines, incense is daily burned; and often paper lanterns are hung up at night to give light to the spirits.

The Chinese believe that a man has three souls. When a man dies, they think one soul goes to Hades, one stays in the tomb, and the other lives in the ancestral tablet. Every clan has a hall where these ancestral tablets are kept. The names of the ancestors are written on them, and incense is burned before them continually. The people believe that these spirits of their ancestors have power to bless or curse them, as they will. For this reason, food is offered to the dead. Of course, it is afterwards eaten by the people themselves; but they say that all the good taste has been taken out. Paper money is also burned in great abundance, so that the dead may have plenty to spend in the spirit world. Every year, they worship at the graves, and shoot off many firecrackers to frighten away bad spirits.

I have seen as many as five hundred gods in one temple. Most of them are great clay images gilded over. Some are made of wood, others of stone, and a few are only paper. Worshiping these idols

is only a gamble. Answers to all prayers are already written out and pasted on the wall of the temple. There is a little bamboo case containing many sticks with numbers painted on them. When some poor woman wishes to pray to the idol, she kneels before it, says her prayer, then shakes the case of sticks and draws out one at random. She next goes and finds the corresponding number on the wall and reads her answer. We think such an action very foolish; but these people who have been taught this way from childhood are very sincere.

During the revolution ten years ago, the heads of many of these idols were chopped off by soldiers in the army. Many of this class, professing to have no more confidence in idols, have become infidels. But the people patched up the broken heads, or made new ones, and the worship of the idols continues as of old.

On my last itinerating trip, I found, away up on a high mountain road, under a beautiful pine tree, a little idol shrine. It so spoiled for me the beautiful scenery, that I could not resist the temptation to toss it over the steep hillside. Faster and faster it rolled down the mountain side, and dashed into a thousand pieces at the bottom. I hope some one will learn from it, that such gods are unable to protect themselves, much less people. Some of the idols have the dust and dirt of many decades upon them, and are so covered with cobwebs that they can hardly be seen.

The Chinese believe in many evil spirits. There is a water devil, which is supposed to drown boys and girls; a revengeful devil; and many others. The other day, I saw a new stone slab by the river bank. I inquired its meaning, and was told that a few days previous, a small boy had been drowned there, and this stone had been erected to warn others of the bad spirit that lived in this neighborhood. Only last week, a woman came very early one morning to the little hill back of our house, to cut grass for fuel. Suddenly she stopped work and ran back to her home in the city. She told one of her relatives, a woman who works for us, that a devil threw two stones at her while she was cutting grass, and she was afraid to stay longer in such a place.

When I must travel on the river and wish to engage a boat, I first ask the crew if they are afraid of water devils. If they are, I

must be very cautious while using their boat. They will not permit me to put my feet over into the river to cool them, or wash my hands in the river. Once I was unable to find a single boat whose crew were not afraid, so I was obliged to hire one with a crew who were afraid. But I think I afterwards forever cured them of this foolishness. I watched my chance, and while they were all in the front of the boat eating rice, I quickly took off my clothes and dived head-first into the river. They were only aware of what I had done, when they heard the splash. And they supposed I was gone for good. Some water devil had me for certain! I purposely remained under the water as long as I could, slowly drifting downstream with the current. Then I arose to the surface, reached for my boat, and climbed aboard and dressed. All the while, they never spoke a word. I never before saw such frightened Chinese. I am sure they felt ever after that I, at least, was in no danger from water devils.

At one time, robbers were operating so near our home, I deemed it wise to engage a man to watch on our veranda at night. In order that I might know he was awake, I had him follow the usual Chinese custom of beating a drum every fifteen minutes. Although I paid him a good wage for his work, he came to me after watching a night or two, and said: "Mr. Nagel, I cannot beat the drum any more. I would be afraid to do so. Last night, I heard three devils crying behind your house." I told him his devils were only the wind in the bamboo; but he thought otherwise, and would not return.

Many temples are built on the tops of high mountains. Others are built on high rocks along the river. A good heathen boatman blows his whistle, out of respect to the temple, whenever his boat passes. The tourists are always interested in visiting the many tall pagodas. Some of these pagodas are nine or more stories high. They are relics of Buddhism when that religion was more prosperous in China. On a recent tour, I visited a temple in a large cave. We had to have torches to see our way. I must say it was a nice, cool place, and the spring water was most refreshing after a walk in the hot sun. I did not need to boil it before drinking it, as we do nearly all the water we use.

When we bought our property at Waichow, there was a large god tree on it. At its base was a small idol with an incense urn. After we had built a fence, we supposed the people would remain away. But they continued to come to this tree to worship; so at last, while we disliked very much to sacrifice the fine shade tree, we saw we must do so to keep the people out. Not that we objected to the people's coming into our compound, but we did not wish them to come on our land to worship their false gods. Brother Anderson cut down the tree. No Chinese would dare do it. We made a little house for the idol and put him alongside a small temple not a great distance away. The people expected that some terrible disaster would come to the "foreign devils" for cutting down the tree. When they saw that nothing unusual happened, they said that that kind of god could not live in a house. But as far as we could see, he got on just as well in his little house as he did under the tree.

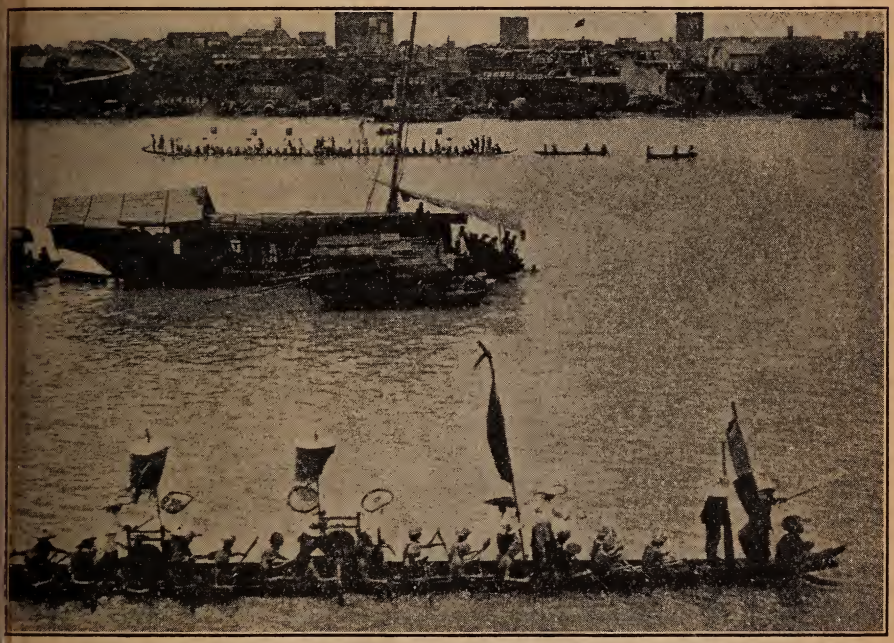
Then we wished to get the stump of the tree out. That would be a long, hard job; and as we did not have time or ambition for it, we engaged several Chinese from a distance to come and do it. We offered them a good wage as an inducement; but so soon as they heard that the stump was that of a god tree, they quit work, and no sum of money could get them to continue. Several attempts turned out the same way, and to-day the stump is still there.

On the fifth day of the Chinese fifth moon is the dragon boat festival. Years ago there lived in China a very good man. But he was wise beyond his time; and one day, he offended the emperor. His majesty sent the good man a yellow string, which meant that he had permission to take his own life. He threw himself into the river and drowned. Years afterwards the Chinese people began to appreciate his wisdom, and wished to do him honor. Now at this time each year, they run up and down every river in China, in long, narrow boats, looking for his body. The bow of each of these boats is built to represent a great dragon; and the boatmen, sometimes as many as fifty, make their paddles all go to time, as one beats a big drum. From the shore, it appears like an immense dragon.

The Chinese have great respect for the dragon. I do not mean the boat dragon, but one which they think lives in the earth. Whenever there is an earthquake, they say it is caused by the dragon's

turning over. An eclipse is caused by the dragon's attempting to swallow the moon. This dragon is supposed to be able to prosper or plague the people. This is one reason why China has so few mines and railroads. Such things would disturb the dragon and the spirits of their ancestors.

It takes years for these heathen superstitions to get out of the heart of a Chinese, even after he has become a Christian. I remember traveling one day with one of our oldest native preachers, a



A DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL SCENE

Brother Wang. His father had been a Christian preacher before him, and one would naturally think that all such nonsense as I have related would be out of his life. We had been traveling upriver for several days, and expected to reach before Sabbath a city where we have a chapel. But we were delayed by contrary winds and could not use the sails; so we saw that we would not reach our destination before late Friday evening. Then we prepared for the

Sabbath on the boat. I washed, shaved, and put on some clean clothes. Then I seated myself on my canvas cot and began to read a book. Brother Wang came along and asked if he might borrow my razor to shave with. Much as I disliked to do so, I let him have it; but I warned him to be careful, as it was very sharp, not like the old hoes he was accustomed to using. He scoffed at my warning — said he was older than I and had shaved longer than I had. I thought no more about the matter, but kept on reading, and he went back to the rear of the boat to shave. Suddenly I heard back there the most frightful yell I think I ever heard. Brother Wang came running through the boat with his throat cut from bone to bone, and the blood was flowing freely. One would think that in such a plight, he would have come to me for aid; but instead, he was looking for the captain of the boat. When he had found him, he shouted two or three times very excitedly: "Why do you keep devils on this boat? See what a devil has done. He made me cut my throat." In spite of the fact that it was so serious a matter to him,— for he expected to die,— I could not refrain from laughing. I told him that his devils were nothing more than the motion of the boat and a sharp razor. Wetting a towel in the river and bathing the wound freely, I soon had the bleeding stopped; but weeks after, I heard him telling others how a devil made him cut his throat.

The first and the fifteenth of every moon are sacred days with the Chinese. On these days, they waste a deal of money on firecrackers. On the river boats, before any expected danger, as traveling over rapids, the crew will stop and burn incense to the spirits. Sometimes I think they are more faithful to their false gods than we are to the true God. They worship them from a motive of fear, not from love. I have seen a long procession of men carrying idols suspended from hooks thrust into the flesh of their forearms. Some of these idols were so heavy that along beside the men who carried them walked other men to support their arms. These poor devotees of paganism would walk thus until exhausted.

Is it not sad to think of human beings, once made in the image of God, now under such heathen darkness? The very fact that God has given us great light makes us responsible to do all we can to teach them the better way.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Government

THE Chinese think a great deal of America. When you tell one that you are an American, he is likely to hold up his thumb, which means number one. They are trying to imitate our form of government, and they call themselves a republic. But in fact, they are not a republic. In the United States, all citizens over twenty-one years of age have a right to vote and have a voice in the government; but in China, the power still lies in the hands of a few men. In past years, only well educated men could become magistrates. They were always chosen from the scholar class. Now any one who has money enough can purchase a position. The men who rule are the men who have the largest number of soldiers. China is governed by guns and money — if it can be said to be governed at all. I believe that in some places, they are making a little advancement, or would if other provinces would only stop fighting them and let them work out their ideals. At this writing, there are several provinces fighting each other; and China has two presidents, one in Peking and one in Canton. One of her greatest needs is a strong central government.

The ambition of every Chinese boy is, to be either a rich man or a magistrate. Selfishness reigns in the heart of the Chinese as it does in the heart of other peoples. As only a few can secure official position, almost any means is used to get it. Consequently there are very few officials in China who love their country or their own people. The Chinese themselves say that their officials look after nothing but their own pocketbooks. Soldiers will fight for the man who will pay them best. If a criminal has money, he does not fear the judge, for he knows he can purchase his freedom. Justice is hard to obtain in China. The poor people are to be pitied; for they are robbed by bandits, soldiers, and magistrates. When the soldiers are gone, the people are oppressed by the bandits. When the soldiers come back, they oppress the people for not helping them catch the bandits. In nearly all lawsuits, the party wins who can pay the judge the most money.

When a man obtains an official position in China, he labors to get rich as quickly as possible, for he knows that some stronger official may take his position away from him. I have had many acquaintances among the official class of China, and I know that the government is very corrupt. Like most of the rest of the world, this country becomes a sign of the times in which we live. The rule is, for the whole nation to be in a very unsettled condition. People do not trust their magistrates, so they often try to settle their

PART OF AN IDOL PROCESSION

differences between themselves. I have seen two clans fighting. I have seen two villages at war. I have seen two districts fight for months. The provinces fight among themselves continually.

While we were home on furlough five years ago, the Chiuchow magistrate led his soldiers several hundred miles over mountains and rivers to fight the Waichow magistrate. There were some thirty thousand of them, and they surrounded the city for nearly six weeks, but finally retreated without taking it. When we returned to our home, we found hundreds of bullet holes in the walls, and two big holes where cannon balls had gone through the roof. Walking in the country, I have come to a sign warning travelers to take another road, as the two villages above were fighting. China has great fear and respect for other strong governments, and only this

and the grace of God make it possible to work here with any degree of safety at all. The section where we live is one of the worst in all China.

It takes firm nerves and a trust in God to live in a city like Waichow. We have become more or less accustomed to conditions, and perhaps we have increased in faith, so that we do not fear any more. We can sleep now when all around us villages are being robbed. The noise of the yelling and the shooting used to keep us awake with dread all night. It took years to become hardened to it. When I first came to China, I was robbed and shot at a few times; and it made me so nervous that for months afterwards, I would shake like a leaf in the wind whenever I heard the report of a gun. I thank God that He has taken away all this fear. But in places like this, one must truly trust in God.

Different bands of soldiers have fought for Waichow city four times since we have been living here. Once it was at the time of our workers' meeting. I had sent out the announcements, and ordered all the preachers and teachers to meet here for a six-week institute. Then I heard of another official who with his army was moving up the river to attack the city and drive out the present magistrate. We feared that all the boats would stop running, and wondered if it was safe to have all the workers come in for the meeting. But the notice had been sent, so we sought the Lord to open the way. Missionaries from another city, of another church, walked ten miles to tell us of our danger, thinking that perhaps we had not heard, and advising us to leave. But we decided to remain and ask God to stop the fighting. One day, when the advancing army was but a few miles below the city, I went to the magistrate's yamen to counsel over the situation with him; and I was informed that the invaders could never take the city, and that if there was any fighting, it would be on the side of the city opposite to us. A friend in the yamen who had at one time been a canvasser for us said that if conditions became very bad, he would warn us so that we might leave.

I had hardly crossed the bridge on my way home when I heard shooting in the yamen. In a short time, the magistrate, dressed in women's clothes, with a few trusty men, was fleeing over the city wall, making his escape up the river as fast as he could go. It seems

that that morning, he had sent one of his commanders with a few hundred soldiers to treat with the invading official. This official bought the commander over to his side, and then told him to return to the city under his old flag, as though he were still loyal to the magistrate in the city, and when inside, to open fire on the yamen, and open the gates for the invaders to come in. This he did. There were only a few men killed, and it was all over within a few hours. Thus God heard and answered our prayers, and our meeting was a success. The time before when Waichow was attacked, there was fighting for six weeks.

Whenever the crops are a failure, then many of the farmers join the robber bands and become "bad men." They are continually robbing boats that run up and down the rivers, but they are much worse whenever the soldiers leave the market places to go and fight elsewhere. These robbers work in bands of from ten to two or three hundred in a band. Just at this writing, the country is exceptionally quiet, as many of the robber chiefs have accepted positions in the new Kwangtung army and have gone to fight Kwangsi. Last year, while these two provinces were fighting, three of our chapels and schools were plundered, and several of our brethren were killed. These robber bands will levy a heavy tax on a village. If the tax is promptly paid, the villagers have nothing to fear; but if it is so heavy that the poor people are unable to raise it, or if for any other reason it is not paid, the robbers will attack them, and if successful, will drive off all their cattle, and hold their children for ransom.

These robbers are very daring, and will come down right under the city wall and rob villages. During some seasons of the year, you can hear, on almost any moonlight night, the screams of the poor people who are being plundered. Before the soldiers can get the city gate open and reach the place, the robbers are gone. Villages all around us have been robbed. Although we are outside the city, we have never been molested by armed robbers. For this we are indeed thankful to God. Sneak thieves have bothered us somewhat, stealing clothing, chickens, clocks, and such articles. One night, we heard the dogs barking, and upon searching, found a thief hidden under the church building. We caught him, and kept him all night on our veranda. With my rifle by my side, I sat up and watched part

of the night; then my brother, who was visiting me, also my brother-in-law, took turns. In the morning, on inquiry, we learned that he was a very noted thief. The reason we watched was because we feared he might have been hidden inside the compound to open the gates for others. Had we turned him over to the police, he would have been shot; and as he begged for another chance, and seemed sincere, we gave him a kind talking to and let him go. He seemed grateful, and I hope he reformed.

One of the worst things these robbers do is to kidnap little boys and hold them for ransom. This is done continually, yet the government seldom interferes. One of the saddest things about these cases is that the robbers are always brought in by some one who is acquainted with the family. If a man has a grudge against another, he will sometimes take this way to get even.

Girls are not often taken, for they are not worth much money in China. Last year, the son of one of our nearest neighbors was stolen. The father has received many letters from the robbers, stating how much they want for ransom; but as he is poor, and not able to raise so much money, he cannot redeem the boy, and has not

A CITY GATE

seen him for many months. This family have not a very good name among their neighbors, or others would help them with money.

One night, we were awakened by hard crying just over the fence. We arose to inquire what was the matter, and learned that a poor widowed woman there had just been visited by three robbers, who had stolen her sixteen-year-old son. While the poor old woman was not a Christian, I felt very sorry for her; and at morning worship, I prayed for her and the boy. After worship, I went to the city, and returned about ten o'clock. Almost the first person I met after entering our gate was this woman. She was smiling, and hurried to tell me that her boy was safe at home. I went to visit him, and he told me his experience.

He said the robbers took him up the river about four miles, where they met another band, and all stopped in an old temple, and had a feast of chickens which they had stolen. They did not blindfold him, as is customary; so, as it was a bright moonlight night, he could see the river and knew about where he was. After eating, the robbers went on to a village several miles farther; and there, in an old, deserted house, they fastened a chain around his neck, and chained him to a rafter overhead. They also tied his hands together, and then instructed an old man to watch him while they went to get some much-needed sleep. The old man was deaf; and supposing the boy was quite safe for the night, he went up into a loft and also took a nap. The boy finally worked his hands loose; then he gave the chain a quick jerk, and the lock at the other end flew open. Waiting a moment to see if anyone was disturbed, he picked up the heavy chain — for he could not get it off his neck — opened the door, leaped over a low wall, and ran for home as fast as his legs could go. I always felt that God had a hand in the boy's escape.

Again and again my heart has overflowed with gratitude to God as I have seen how He has answered our prayers. He has been so good to us in this heathen land! Many times He has given us evidence, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that it was His hand that was guiding us. We see the outworking of His mighty power continually.

I must tell you a story about one of our other missionaries in South China. I will not tell you his name, as he and I are very

good friends, and he might not thank me if I told you his name. I was coming up the East River one day with some German missionaries, when a band of river pirates opened fire on us. There were about a hundred of them, and they were concealed behind the bank of the river. The first volley, they hit one of the German missionaries; and the bullets flew thick all around me. We could not escape, so we pulled over to the bank and let them have all we had. They boarded the boat, and treated me very roughly — held a gun in my face for over an hour. Sometimes they would pull down the hammer. All I could do was to pray, and I feared that my days were numbered. They took all I had, even to my hat, shoes, and coat. All they left me was my Bible.

When I told my fellow missionaries what had occurred, one brother rather scoffed at the idea of my being robbed. He was big and strong, and talked very brave. He said that if he had been there, he would have grabbed a bamboo pole or anything he could get hold of, and "cleaned them all out." I said nothing, but thought to myself, "Your day will come sometime." He had never yet met robbers. His wife was teaching in Canton; and that very year, while he was there with her, they were sleeping up over Bethel School, when one night a lone robber got into their room. These fellows blacken their faces, grease their bodies, and put a long knife in their teeth.

The missionary's wife awoke, and was too frightened to speak as she saw the man moving around the room. They were sleeping under a mosquito net, and could see him much plainer than he could see them. With her elbow, she tried for fully two minutes to waken her husband. She thought he was never so hard to wake up before. The fact was that he was awake all the time, and had seen the thief, but was so thoroughly scared that he would not move. At last, when he saw the robber pick up two or three more pair of shoes, he sat up in bed and yelled, instead of jumping up and catching him. The thief quietly went off with all he had. The wife told, in the morning, what a brave man my friend was. Since then, he has not talked so much about catching robbers.

We do not fear here at Waichow, for several reasons. First, we have a loving heavenly Father who cares for His children. Sec-

ond, we have no enemies that we know of. Third, it would be difficult for the robbers to pawn or sell anything they might take from us, as it would be known to be foreign goods. Fourth, all who know us know that we never keep large sums of money in the house. Fifth, these robbers know also that when they take a foreigner's goods, other countries are involved, and the local magistrates then put forth diligent efforts to catch them. Sixth, they know that I can shoot very well with my rifle. They do not know that I would rather lose all I have than shoot one of them; but the very fact that I keep a gun in the house has a wholesome effect upon them.

One time during a bad flood, when water was all around us, a number of robbers came in a boat and anchored right between our gate and the city wall. I noticed them several times during the day, but did not feel sure that they were robbers; though as I saw them eating freely of chicken and other food that ordinary people do not eat all the time, I grew a bit suspicious. Late in the afternoon, I went to the bank to get some money to pay our workers; and upon my return home, one of our workmen said to me, "Do you know that those fellows are robbers?" I said I feared they were. He said that he was certain of it, as all the fisher boats had pulled away from them. It was late, or I would have returned to the city and informed the police. However, I determined to let the robbers know I was aware of their purpose, so went up on my top veranda and gave them ten shots with my repeating rifle as fast as I could pull the trigger. I did not shoot directly at the boat, but shot a circle right around it. They took the hint and moved away, hiding behind some bamboo a little way up from us. That night about nine o'clock, they tried to rob some people who live on a raft in the river opposite our house. When the shooting began, several of their balls hit close to our house. Mrs. Nagel hurried the children to a safe place, so they would not be hit if any bullets came through the window. In the morning, we were happy to learn that the people on the raft were also prepared for them and fought them off, so that they did not get anything, but left empty-handed.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Traveling in China

A MISSIONARY cannot spend all his time at home, unless his work be teaching school, or some other line which confines him to one place. Ministers and mission directors should spend the greater part of their time out in the field, building up the churches, and entering new territory to sow the seed for a harvest of souls. Every year, I travel several thousand miles; so you will not be surprised if I make one chapter of this booklet tell of happenings on the road.

At least once each year, I endeavor to take Mrs. Nagel and the children with me. We are gone about two months among the churches. They do not go for a pleasure trip, for there is no pleasure in it, save the greatest pleasure of all,— winning men and women to Christ. I thank God He gave me a companion who is not only a missionary's wife, but also a missionary wife. There is a great difference between being simply the wife of a missionary and being a missionary one's self. When she goes along, I can stay longer in the field, for I have better food. She also does a good work for the women; and in China, men cannot work for women. When I travel alone, I usually eat with our native workers at the chapels; but a few weeks of their food is all I can stand. Sometimes I take along a few potatoes and some toasted bread to help out. Their food is good, but not always cooked as we are accustomed to having it cooked. I have already told you of Chinese table manners and the bathroom comforts, so will confine myself this time to modes of travel and what it is like to itinerate in this country.

We try to build up our stations not too far apart, so that we can go from one to another in a day. When we can do this, we do not need to stop in strange places or in Chinese inns. The Hakka field is so organized that I can spend almost every night in one of our own chapels, the stations being from ten to forty miles apart, as a rule. Of course, when we spy out new territory, which we try to do every year, we must get on without the conveniences we find in our own

chapels, and put up with what we can find along the way. Our mission chapels are only Chinese shops repaired and made clean for meetinghouses, but they are much to be preferred to a strange place.

This spring, I made a journey of over a thousand miles, and was gone from home more than eight weeks. I visited much new country, and traveled many roads over which an American had never before traveled. Four things connected with this trip will be of interest to you all. First, I opened up work in three new districts, leaving a native preacher to instruct the people. What gives our hearts the most courage, and causes us to feel the most thankful, is to see the message going on and on. We who live out here in these dark corners wish above everything else to see the work finished. Second, while off Swatow harbor, I saw a large steamship wrecked. There were two wrecks near together; and in one, over a thousand people were drowned. The captain lost control of his ship in the strong ocean currents and went on the rocks. I thought to myself, How often we lose control of ourselves, perhaps our appetites, passions, or tongues, in the conflicting currents of life, and what wrecks follow!

Then I remember with much pleasure the welcome given me by the people in one of the new districts I visited. No foreign pastor had ever visited them before, and they made great preparation to welcome me. For miles around the city, they posted up notices that I would arrive on a certain day. When their watchman saw me coming, they came out in chairs to welcome me, and for a mile outside the city gate, shot off firecrackers. They made me a great feast, where at thirty-five tables, nearly three hundred took part. I was pleased to see no unclean food, and no wine or tobacco. They had prepared all vegetarian food for me, having heard that I did not choose to make a graveyard of my stomach. I remained with them five days, and was glad to find such a good opening to preach the blessed gospel; and I believe a good work will be built up there.

The fourth incident, I do not remember with so great pleasure, though I shall not forget it quickly. One day, because of bad roads caused by heavy rains, I was unable to reach a city where we have a chapel, so was compelled to stay overnight at a country market place. As I was a stranger, my chair coolies took me to a

native inn. They said it was the best one in the village. I found the guest room too small for me to put up my canvas cot in, so I tried to sleep on a Chinese bed. On some Chinese beds, it is not difficult to sleep. I have done so many times. Such a bed is only two boards, with a piece of wood or bamboo for a pillow. When I first came to China, my bones would ache in the morning, and I really would not sleep much, because of turning over so often, when I was compelled to sleep on a bed of this kind, which was very often, for on the boats, you find nothing else. Now I can sleep on these boards and feel rested in the morning, hardly noticing that they are hard. I have used wooden pillows, bamboo pillows, porcelain pillows, and many other kinds. At the chapels, I sleep on my canvas cot, which I always carry with me. But that night, try as I might, I could not sleep in this Chinese bed.

I blew out my little lamp wick, and tucked in the mosquito net well; and as I was very tired, the bed felt good. But before I could get off to dreamland, I felt something crawling on my neck and limbs. I told myself that it was only fleas, and determined to go to sleep. But the difficulty increased rapidly. Great swellings came on my body; and do what I would, I could not quiet my nerves. At last, in the darkness, I caught one of the intruders; and holding it close to my nose, I quickly discovered that my bed fellows were not fleas, but bedbugs. Perhaps there were a few fleas also. They are not so easy to catch, nor so poisonous when they bite.

I lighted my little lamp wick again, and made a raid on the vermin, catching about thirty this first attempt. Then I tried again to go to sleep. But the pests returned in greater numbers and renewed their attack. I arose and made another slaughter. Still they would come! To make a long story short, I will tell you that before two-thirty, I got up twenty-seven times to chase and catch bedbugs; and by actual count, I caught two hundred thirty. If I had continued till morning, no knowing how many I might have taken. But at two-thirty, I was discouraged. My knees were sore and my back was lame from hunting the creatures over the hard boards. I despaired of getting any sleep, so arose, dressed, and read a book till daybreak. I might more truthfully say, I read when I was not fighting mosquitoes. This was, I believe, the worst night I ever spent.

CHINESE JUNKS

Another night that I shall never forget, was spent with Brother J. P. Anderson on a junk boat. If the boat had been moving, we should not have been quite so badly off, for there would then have been some breeze. But we were anchored at Sheklung all night, for some reason or other. It was right in midsummer, and the heat was intense; but what made us suffer most was the mosquitoes. We had no net, and there were millions of them. Finally Brother Anderson and I came to the agreement that I should sit up for an hour and fan him while he slept, and then he would sit up an hour and keep the mosquitoes off me while I took my turn at sleeping. I think this was number two bad night.

In China, there are different modes of travel; but where we are, no Pullman cars, automobiles, not even an oxcart. If our destination is on the river, we travel by boat. The large rivers have steam launches and small motor boats. All of them are anything but comfortable. You sit continually in tobacco and opium smoke, which usually makes your head ache. Everyone talks about you aloud, thinking you will not understand what they are saying. There are no laws about overloading in China, and I have seen people keep getting on until the boat sank and many were drowned. There is only a narrow plank along the two sides of the boat to walk on. This, as a rule, has no railing, so is very dangerous. Such a boat would not be permitted to run in other countries. I have seen people fall off into the river and be lost. The first thing I think about when I board one of these boats is to get a place where I can get out if we are attacked by pirates, or the boat goes down, or should a panic be caused in some other manner.

Every boat carries soldiers as a protection from robbers. The bodies and baggage of the passengers are all searched to see if firearms are secreted on board. Many times the robbers will conceal their pistols under their clothing or in the bend of the knee, then when the soldiers are asleep, shoot them and rob the passengers. Just a few days ago this was done on the river here, the robbers getting on at Waichow and shooting the soldiers only about five miles above our house. Other thieves were waiting at the spot appointed, to help them carry off the plunder. In some way, these robbers always know when money and rich clothes are on the boat.

When there are no steamboats, we travel on "rice-power" boats. The Chinese eat the rice and then develop the power. They pull the boat by a long rope as they walk along the bank. This is a very slow mode of travel. When there is wind, they use their sails. Sometimes we are very crowded in these boats. I have slept many nights with my head at the feet of a Chinese, and often I have not had room to stretch out at all. I talk and preach to the passengers a good deal, and spend much time reading. If I were not very fond of books, I do not think I could endure traveling in China. During the past twelve years, I have read more than eight hundred good books. Sometimes we hire a boat for ourselves alone. This is more expensive, but many times more private and comfortable. Wherever you go in the country, it is a hard life, and you are glad to get back to your home, where there is a mattress on the bed, a rug on the floor, a soft chair to sit in, a tablecloth on the table, a tub to bathe in, a clean floor to walk on, knives and forks to eat with, and some one who speaks English.

Most of our trips, we take on foot. If the distance is too great, or we have walked till we are tired out or our feet are covered with blisters, we take a sedan chair. I have had two men carry me forty miles in one day. Coolies will carry our baggage from a pole over the shoulder. They will take a hundred pounds at a load and go forty miles a day. A chair for forty miles costs about two dollars. I have walked twenty or thirty miles a day for several days in succession in the hot sun, or sometimes in a downpour of rain. Most of the roads in our field go over mountains, and they are paved with small cobblestones, which makes walking very tiresome.

On one trip, two other missionaries were with me visiting the outstations in this field. We had walked a long way, and the poor roads were beginning to rip their good shoes up. They had no other shoes along, so I invited them to take chairs. They said that was too expensive, and decided to try wearing some Chinese grass shoes, the kind the coolies use, whose feet are very hard and tough. They wore them all day, and made me believe that they were very comfortable; but on arriving at the chapel that night, they could not hide either the blisters or the pain in their feet. I smiled at them as they sat with their feet immersed in a tub of water. Next morning,

their feet were so sore and swollen they could not walk at all, so had to ride. They concluded that it did not pay to wear grass shoes to save their better ones.

When I return home from a long trip, Mrs. Nagel always refuses to let me into the main part of the house with my bedding or clothing, for fear I will bring home something that will contaminate her clean house. Things are left on the porch until they are sunned, and I have a good bath and get into clean clothes.

I found myself one time, with my family, one hundred and fifty miles above Waichow, anxious to get home, but there were no boats running down the river. The soldiers had all been called to another section of the province, on account of a small revolution; and the robbers were in command on the rivers, robbing the boats, and holding the passengers for ransom. So no one dared travel, and the boats had stopped altogether. I had an appointment at Waichow, as the school was closing, and I had promised to be present for that occasion. A local official warned me that it was dangerous to try to go down the river; but we were tired from our long trip, and felt that we must reach home. We were in God's work, and we knew He would care for us.

So I engaged a small boat just large enough for us, and two men to row us down the river. We left late, thinking that about midnight we should reach the place where we had been warned there were robbers. I told myself that they would be sleeping, and would not hear us pass. But at ten o'clock, a voice from the mountain side called to us and asked who we were. The boatman could hardly find his voice to reply; and when he did so, they gruffly commanded us to pull ashore. This was the first experience of this kind my wife had passed through, and she was nervous, but thought more of the children than of herself. Would the robbers take the children? That was the question in her mind.

The night was very dark, there being no moon. Near the shore, they asked again who we were, and what we were doing, going down the river so late at night. I took a lamp and held it at the rear of the boat, so they could see we were not soldiers, but foreigners, lest they open fire on us; and then I told them who we were and why we were traveling down the river. They made us anchor,

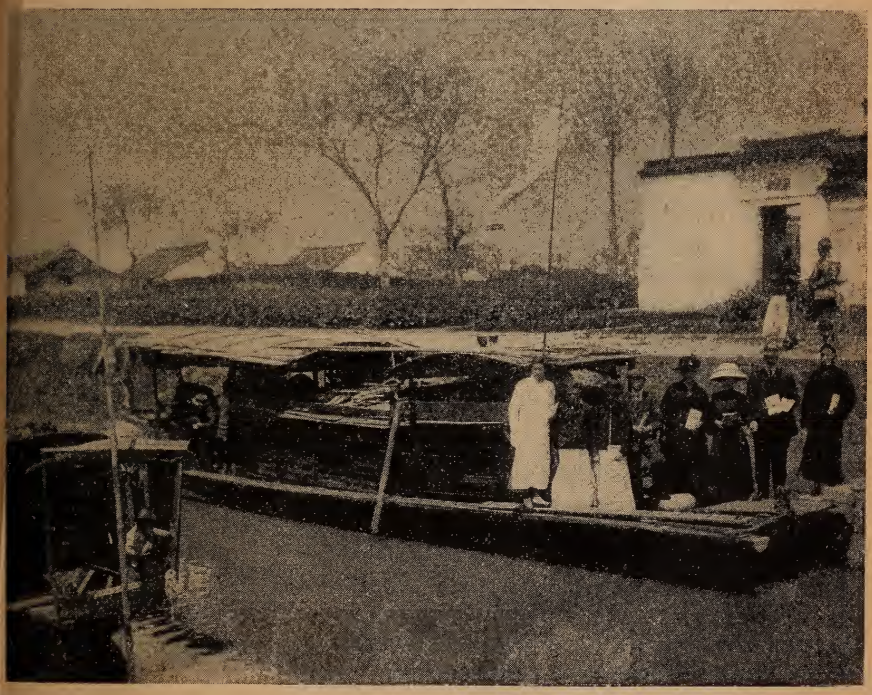
and then said we must stay there till morning, as we could not get past farther down. They said we had nothing to fear.

I talked pleasantly to them, and finally said that we just must go on, so as to catch a steamboat in the morning. After a moment's counsel, they said for us to go on. But we had gone only a few feet when they called us back. I wondered why. This time, they came right down to the water's edge, and four of their leaders waded out to our boat. They were rough-looking fellows, but were dressed in silk. They had excellent firearms. They did not board the boat, but they looked in and saw Mrs. Nagel and the two children. Florence and Sherman did not wake up through the whole ordeal.

Finally one said to me: "Pastor Nagel"— for I had told them my name —"our business is not good these days; no boats are running, and we have nothing to eat. We would appreciate it if you would give us a little tea money." I told them we had very little money with us, and if they doubted my word, they were free to come on and search for themselves. The chief replied: "Oh, we would not dare to come on your boat! We would be glad if you would only give us a little." I gave them two dollars, as I did not feel like refusing. They gave me some cigarettes, not knowing that I did not smoke; and they seemed very friendly.

Then I asked them to give me their card with their password, so that I could get by their main camp a few miles farther down the river. I told them I did not wish to pay "tea money" there also. They talked it over a bit, and then the chief sent me his card, and told us we might go on. We breathed a prayer of thanks to God. About two hours later we came to their main camp, and there likewise were called to come ashore. Near the bank, after telling them who I was and where I was going, I told them I had the card of their chief up above; and when they heard that, they said, "Very well, go on." We were glad to go on. After we had gone a little way, they called to me, and said for me not to report them to the magistrates at Waichow, for they had been very good to me. I said I would not; and after traveling two hours longer, we reached the city where we could catch a boat for Waichow. We reached home the next night, tired but happy, and thankful to God for His care.

We have had many such adventures in past years, but have always been protected. Last year, we were in a battle for a day and a half, with fighting all around us. We were glad we were in a charcoal boat, and we made a fort of it. We were shot at several times, and our boat was taken to carry soldiers a number of times; but at last, we reached the railroad, and soon were again at home. This time, we were traveling in the Swatow field. There are no railroads in the Hakka field. When we were so anxious, at every shot, little Sonny Boy would crawl under the cot. Once he looked up and said, "If we trust God, we are safe anywhere." And we are.



ONE METHOD OF TRAVEL — THE HOUSE BOAT

CHAPTER NINE

Our Mission Work

IN closing this little book, I must tell you of the several kinds of mission work we carry on for this people. Our work has many departments, and God needs men and women to labor in each line. Of first importance, we must have in China many more evangelists,— men who will learn the language, and with a love for souls, under the power of the Holy Spirit, give themselves to traveling here and there preaching the message. Like Paul, they are apostles; and like him, though they meet many hardships, they will at last receive a splendid reward, and for all eternity rejoice with those whom they have won to Christ.

Some of you must study to be mission teachers. We need many more of these, both men and women. Upon them, largely, will fall the heavy responsibility of training many native preachers and teachers, who will, in turn, labor for their own people.

Then a few of you must become doctors. A knowledge of medicine is a great help to a real missionary. By ministering to the body, he finds opportunity to reach the soul.

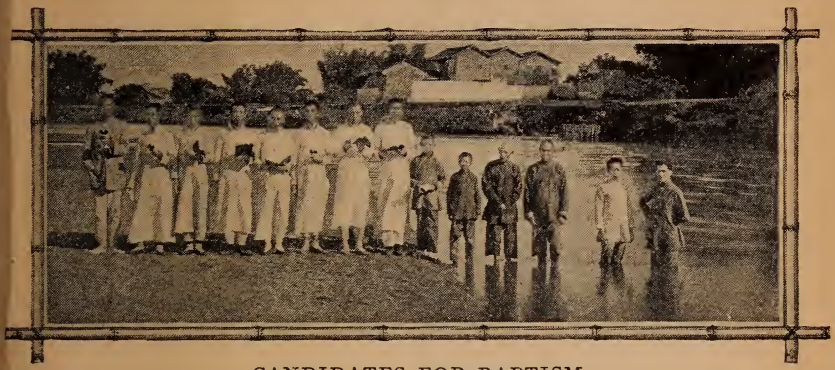
We must have also young men who will learn the language and then go out to sell our message-filled books and papers. The publishing work is making great strides in China. These men must show our Chinese boys how to sell our literature. This is one of our greatest needs.

Last but not least, we must have many more consecrated young women to work for the women of China, and teach our girls' schools. These Bible women can come close to the people, for they reach the homes. I hope many of our young ladies will feel a call to give themselves to this work.

I almost forgot one other need. We must have young men who are missionaries at heart, to be mission treasurers,— men who will look after mission funds in a consecrated manner, and keep the accounts of the workers. So some of you must study bookkeeping and business methods. But let me again state that all who come out

o do this line of work should be earnest Christians, and first, last, nd all the time, missionaries who love lost men and women and who are willing to help them to a knowledge of salvation.

All should have studied long in the school of patience. China s no place to come to learn patience. Each one should learn to control his tongue, to think calmly, to be considerate of others and ympathetic toward all. Missionaries should be able to put to use



CANDIDATES FOR BAPTISM

ll the knowledge they possess. It will do you no good to have been 'the brightest boy in school," if you cannot tell what you know. One other qualification of great importance is sociability. Missionaries will never be successful if they shut themselves away from everybody. To have friends, we must be friendly. We must mix with people if we wish to win them to Jesus.

We must have the best qualified, most talented, most consecrated young men and women from the home field. I read, the other day, of an old minister who said to a young man just ready to sail for China: "I am surprised to think of your going to China. Why, you would do well at home!" I want to tell you that that old brother had a wrong idea of this work altogether. We need the best over here. I believe that all the workers sent out to heathen lands should have a trial and be tested out before they are sent.

We have many things to praise God for as we see how rapidly he work has grown. We have been working in Asia twenty years only; but during this time, we have grown faster, much faster, than

during the first twenty years of labor in America, Europe, or South America. We have now in all Asia about eight thousand Sabbath keepers. In our Sabbath schools, there are over eleven thousand. We have eighty-seven ordained ministers and one hundred eighty-two licentiates. But we need many times that number to man the field properly. In my own corner, last year was the best we have had. I baptized two hundred and twelve Hakkas.

What can you do to help while you are yet young and getting your preparation? You can study missions. Learn all you can about the dark corners of earth. Jesus will not come until the work is finished in all these lands. Determine to give yourself to work for God where the need is greatest, where the laborers are fewest. Every day, when you pray — and you must early form the habit of praying often — remember to ask God to bless the work and workers in heathen lands. Do missionary work where you are. Help whenever a need presents itself. Learn to know how to do all kinds of manual work. A missionary must know how to build houses, make garden, do plumbing, and many other things. Perhaps you will be alone, as we were for years, and must be preacher, teacher, doctor, and bookkeeper. The more practical knowledge you have, the better.

Learn how to use your mind, to think. Have ideas. Determine never to stop studying. Don't waste your time on worthless books. Read that which will build you up. Study character; many people are a failure because they do not know men.

Then you can give your pennies, nickels, dimes, and dollars to help send the gospel to these lands. Learn to sacrifice when you are young. Just think what it means to have been born in a Chinese home. Suppose you had been born there. Would you not thank some one for bringing to you the gospel? The Chinese are your near neighbors. Their land touches yours on the under side. I have tried to tell you something about them. Others will tell you what I have not. May God help many of you, as you finish reading this little book, to go to some quiet spot alone with Him, and there promise Him that if it be His will, you will go to needy China to help win these bright boys and girls to shine as stars forever in the Saviour's crown.

READ A BOOK A WEEK — TRY THIS PLAN — READ A BOOK A WEEK — TRY THIS PLAN — READ A BOOK A WEEK — TRY THIS PLAN — READ

TRY THIS PLAN

FORM a Read-Aloud Club in your home. Get father, mother, and all to join. The club might have a few rules to govern its affairs. One should be the reading of an entire book every week, or perhaps every two weeks. This rule could be adhered to strictly if such books as the Mission Series are used. Few of them contain more than 300 pages. They are so thrillingly interesting you would find it hard to close the book and go to bed. So, you see, it would be quite easy to read a book a week.

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